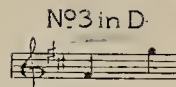
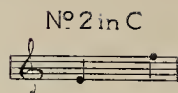


J. L. Starr

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SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME

(QUAND MA VIEILLE MÈRE)
(ALS DIE ALTE MUTTER)



SONG

FROM THE GIPSY MELODIES

BY

ANTON DVOŘÁK

ENGLISH WORDS BY
LADY MACFARREN.

Op. 55. Nº4.

60 ¢

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THE FREDERICK HARRIS CO.
DUNDAS STREET,
OAKVILLE, ONTARIO.

MADE IN ENGLAND.

"SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME" — DVOŘÁK.

God remembers when the world forgets.

Words by
CLIFTON BINGHAM.

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Andante.

PIANO. *p*

Lento

Allegretto.

How man-y gar-dens in this world of ours, Hold blos-soms that have nev-er

come to flow'rs? A sud-den wind comes cold-ly by,

The rose tree bids its fair-est bud good-bye.

rall.

rall.

How many gardens in this world of ours
Hold blossoms that have never come to flowers?
A sudden wind comes coldly by--
The rose tree bids its fairest bud good-bye.

How many ships of ours go out to sea
In search of havens that shall tranquil be?
The storms of fate their fairest hopes o'er set,
And there is naught to do except forget.

How many wear a smile upon their face
Although their hearts may hold an empty place?
None know the heights nor depths of their regrets,
But God remembers when the world forgets.

PRICE 2/- NET.

THE FREDERICK HARRIS COMPANY, ENGLAND: 14, BERNERS ST., LONDON, W.1.
CANADA: OAKVILLE, ONTARIO

Songs my mother taught me

Quand ma vieille mère

Als die alte Mutter

3

English words by NATALIA MACFARREN
French words by MADAME C. CHEVILLARD.

Music by
ANTON DVORÁK
Op. 55, No. 4.

Andante con moto

VOICE

PIANO

mf

dim.

pp

mesa voce

Songs my mo - ther taught me
Quand ma vieille mère - re
Als die alte Mutter

p.
sempre

in the days long van ish'd; sel - dom
 m'ap - pre - nait de - doux re - frains je voy -
 mich noch lehr - te - sin - gen, Trä - nen

from her eye lids were the tear drops
 ais - sou - vent ses yeux tout rem - plis - de
 in den Wim - pern gar so oft ihr

ban - ish'd.
 lar - mes.
 hin - gen.

Now I teach my chil - dren
 Main - te - nant quand je re - dis
 Jetzt wo ich die Klei - nen

each me lo dious mea sure;
 aux en fants ces doux re - frains
 sel ber üb' im San ge,

oft the tears are flow
 un lor rent de lar ing,
 rie - seil's in den Bart mes
 rie seil's mir vom Au oft,
 ge,

oft they flow from my mem - ry's trea -
 de mes yeux bien sou - vent ruis - sel
 rie - seil's oft von der brau - nen Wan -
 rie seil's oft mir auf die brau - ne Wan -

- sure.
 - le!
 - ge!
 - ge!

morendo

Low in B flat

Medium, in C

High in D

GLORIA.

SACRED SONG.

Words by
M.C. SCAVLER.

Musical by
A. BUZZI PEGGIA.

p con dolcezza

Ev'ry flow'r feels the power
O-gni fior al te-por

p *dina* *p*

Of the budding A-pril time, Ev'ry heart doth bear its part In
del fio-ren-te A-pril O-gni cor al sus-a-mor.

p *cresc.*

rit. *allegro* *p*

prais-ing Thee, O Lord, di-vine. So the breeze on the seas
Spi-gan can te-co-gna-ti-l U-li-far sou-ra i-mar

rit. *allegro* *pp*

Neath a cloud-less sum-mer sky Shows thy face re-flec-ted
in the no-di la tua gran-de spec-chia

p *f*

Price 1/6
50c net.

Glory to God who from the heav'n above, rulest supreme the world.

Ev'ry flow'r feels the power of the budding April time,
Ev'ry heart doth bear its part in praising Thee, O Lord, divine,
So the breeze on the seas, neath a cloudless summer sky,
Shows thy face reflected, from the great throne on high!
In the dark day of sorrow our comfort Thou art,
From Thee must we borrow all solace for the heart.

God is there. Haste, His mercy implore; All acclaim His great name. Sov'reign Lord, for evermore.

Glory Thou who art Lord of all;
Who to thy power doth all mercy unite.
Works of man endure not, all they pass in a night;
Thou for ever reignest in thy splendour and might!
Glory thou who art Lord of all;
God of love, God of love, God of might, God for ever.

THE FREDERICK HARRIS CO.

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